

Business Directory.

MARBLE HALL.
ALBERT G. BACON, dealer in Foreign and American Marble, and manufacturer of Monuments, Tombstones, Mantels, Grates, Sashes, Shelves, &c., Upper Sandusky, O. 24-18.

DR. J. ROSENBERG.
OFFICE & RESIDENCE, One Square North of Warpole House, Main street, Upper Sandusky, O.

M'KELLY & HOYT.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Upper Sandusky, O. Office in M'Kell's Block, upstairs, not 66-47.

DR. G. T. McDONALD.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office with Dr. Rosenberg, over Beer's Store. Will attend promptly to all professional calls.

GRISSELL & KAIL.
Attorneys & Counselors at Law, Upper Sandusky, O.
Office:—2d Floor, Beer's Block.

J. D. SEARS.
Attorney at Law, UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.
Office up stairs over the First National Bank.

DR. A. BILLHARDT.
DEALER IN DRUGS, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, &c., etc. 2d Floor, Upper Sandusky, O.

JOHN FAUSCH.
JEWELER, and dealer in Silver Ware, Watches, Clocks, Cutlery and Fancy Goods, No. 1 Roberts' Block.

DR. D. W. BYRON.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office at his residence on corner of Fourth St. and Wyandott, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

MACK'S HOTEL.
CAREY O. DAVIS, Proprietor, Silver House, Attica, Ohio. Good standing attached.

W. A. WEIDMAN.
MERCHANT TAILOR and dealer in Ready Made Clothing, 2d Floor, Upper Sandusky, O.

WARPOLE HOUSE.
J. W. GIBBS, Proprietor, Main St. Excellent accommodations and reasonable terms. An excellent stable attached.

H. FLACK & CO.
CLOTHIERS and dealers in all kinds of Furnishing Goods, 2d Floor, Upper Sandusky, O.

DR. H. N. MCCONNELL.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office in Beer's Block, second floor, in the office formerly occupied by Ferris & Byron.

O. FERRIS.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office in Beer's Block, second floor, in the office formerly occupied by Ferris & Byron.

MILLER & SNOWER.
DEALERS IN FAMILY GROCERIES, of the highest quality and lowest price paid for country produce.

WYANDOTT COUNTY BANK.
UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.
BUY and sell Government Securities, Exchange, and all kinds of Banking Business, deposits received, and a general banking business transacted. Interest paid on time deposits. W. W. BEERY, Pres. J. A. MAXWELL, Cash. G. W. BEERY, Secy.

STOCK-HOLDERS.
W. BEERY, L. S. HARRIS, NEW YORK.

FRED ELLSWORTH'S.
LIVERY & FEED STABLE. Horses and vehicles to be had at any hour of the day. Stable in rear of Van Marter House, with 60 stalls.

Notice to Teachers.
The Board of School Examiners of Wyandott County, Ohio, will hold meetings for the examination of teachers, as follows: On the 1st and 3d Saturdays of September, October, November, December, April, May and the first Saturday of all other months.

No certificate will be granted except at a regular meeting, nor will any be granted unless the applicant appears in person and submits to an examination. Written testimonials of Moral Character will be required of all applicants, and those who have taught will be required to present testimonials showing their success in teaching, and signed by the Local Directors of the school in which the applicant was last engaged.

Examinations to commence at 9 o'clock A. M., at the School House in said town. Applicants are requested to be punctual, and none will be admitted into the class after the examination has commenced.

By order of the Board of Examiners, J. H. MYERS, Clerk.

January 18, 1869.—4f

TO THE AFFLICTED.

MRS. LOUISA FROSCH,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN!
Cleveland, Ohio.

Has great success in curing Chronic Diseases, using Internal and External Remedies, Electricity, Life-resistor, (Bainville's) Liniments, Baths and Punctures.

Mrs. Frosch will be here again on the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of June, 1869.

Nov. 18, 1868.—6m

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 yr.
2 square	\$1.00	\$2.50	\$4.00	\$7.00
3 square	1.50	3.75	6.00	10.50
4 square	2.00	5.00	8.00	14.00
5 square	2.50	6.25	10.00	17.50
6 square	3.00	7.50	12.00	21.00
7 square	3.50	8.75	14.00	24.50
8 square	4.00	10.00	16.00	28.00
9 square	4.50	11.25	18.00	31.50
10 square	5.00	12.50	20.00	35.00

Administrators and Attachment notices, 25c. Legal advertisements, one or three insertions, 25c. per square. Local notices, 10c. per line. Subsequent insertions, per line, 10c.

MILLINERY.

CLOAK AND DRESS MAKING.

Misses Bell & Logan announce to their numerous patrons that they receive EVERY WEEK

NEW AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY GOODS

For which they pay Cash, enabling them to sell very low FOR CASH ONLY!

We are always ready to execute all orders, and with us—employ none but the best workmen and especially warrant nice and EXCELLENT FITS. Special pains taken with apprentices

Cutting and Basting done on short notice. They have on hand and will constantly keep for sale, Misses Bell & Logan's Skirt Supporter. This supporter combines in one garment a perfect fitting corset, and the most delicate skirt supporter ever offered to the public. Remains in Christian's Block, nearly opposite Van Marter House.

Wyanot County Republican.

VOLUME XXIV.

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1869.

NUMBER 30

Having lately received a large assortment of new and beautiful Job Type and other printing material, is now prepared to do all kinds of Job work, such as

CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, HAND-BILLS, BLANKS, POSTERS, and LABELS.

Programmes, Cards, &c., Done on the shortest notice, and in a manner that will be satisfactory to all.



EVERYBODY KNOWS

WHO DOES

COMPOSE

GEN. GRANT'S

CABINET.

AND

Everybody

DOES KNOW

THAT

W. A. WIDMAN

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON

HAND A

SPLENDID STOCK

OF

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

AND VESTINGS,

Ready Made Clothing.

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS!

Of every style and description, which he is offering at the very lowest prices.

Custom Work

Done to order in the latest and most approved style.

The public is most respectfully invited to call and examine the stock and prices.

Remember the place,

No. 3 Beery's Block.

Upper Sandusky, Jan. 1, 1869. 1-y

From the Western Monthly. DOWN BY THE SEA.

BY MARY JANE TAYLOR.

Fleecy clouds and a azure sky,
Jagged cliffs and a bay;
Twittering swallows circling high,
And the sea stretching away
Two that were walking hand in hand,
As two that loved might be—
Gathering shells on the golden strand,
Down by the summer sea.

Tender eyes that were deeply blue,
Eyes that were cold and gray;
And one is false and one is true—
Strolling there by the bay.
Temper and temper walking the strand,
As two that loved might be—
Tendly, cruelly, hand in hand,
Down by the summer sea!

Starry sea and a lagoon of blue,
And waves that break and mean;
With drooping head and fearful eye—
Down by the bay alone.
And one as sad, on the dreary sands,
As a broken heart can be—
Weeping bitterly, wringing her hands,
Down by the moaning sea!

SOMEONE'S HEART.

My heart is waiting for somebody;
Somebody, where can he be?
Somewhere on earth he is waiting,
Waiting and watching for me.

My heart shall be faithful and true, then,
To that somebody, wherever he be;
Yet my heart is locked firmly and fast,
But there's someone possessing the key.

How shall I know who the somebody is?
My heart will tell faithful and true;
You wonder who can be the somebody?
Well, somebody, darling, is you.

HOW AUNT NANNIE CAME TO MARRY MR. MARSHALL.

A VERY PRETTY STORY.

"How did you come to marry Mr. Marshall, Aunt Nannie?"

Mrs. Nannie Marshall wasn't my aunt, but I had called her so for years, for she was the kindest and truest friend I had ever had. She sat silent, knitting busily and smiling a little, before she answered me. "It all came of shaking a crumb of cloth, Aunt Nannie. What did you trim him up in his toils, and bring him down on his knees to you?"

"No; I'll tell you. When I was four years old my mother died. I didn't know whether children of that tender age remember their mother as I remembered mine or not; but when I was so little that I sat in a high chair at the table, I would watch the chairs filling up around it with the persistent hope that my mother would come to sit by me; and I did not relinquish this hope after I was old enough to comprehend death, but clung to it, praying Christ to work a miracle, as in the old Bible times, and let my dear mother appear to my longing sight."

"Never was there a more affectionate or imaginative child, and my youth was a dreary time. My grandmother, who had charge of me, meant to do her duty by me, and in the usual acceptance of the term, she did it. I was fed and clothed, and she taught me as well as her limited means would allow. But she never manifested any affection for me. She was one of those kind of people who think kisses and caresses foolishness, and though I can look back now and remember proofs of a secret tenderness, she never kissed or caressed me when I was a child."

"I grew up starved for love. After I was fifteen years old I grew to look for it from whomever I liked. I built a castle—yes, so well had I been trained in practical ways and habits that no one dreamed of the turn my mind was taking. My fondest dream was of the time when a marial figure, with bold bright eyes and gay apparel shod, seated on a milk white charger, appear before me as I spun in the porch, or gathered berries in the field, and folding me to his heart with tender and assuring words, leap upon his steed, and with me in his arms, fly to some unknown country where he would make me queen of his castle. I never realized, ugly, ignorant child that I was, that this was peculiarly absurd as applied to me, until one day something occurred which destroyed my beautiful illusion, and made me wretched."

"There was always several weeks in the fall, when the crops were good. I was almost incessantly employed in gathering berries, which my grandmother preserved for winter use. My only companion in this work was my cousin, Stephen, a boy two or three years younger than myself."

"One day when thus employed, we caught a glimpse of a man in regimentals, riding swiftly through the woods."

"Who can that be?" said Stephen.

"Oh!" said I, in delight, "perhaps it is my lover knight coming from the wars to find me. Let us watch until he comes around the bend of the road. If it is he, he will take off his plumed hat and wave it at me. Then he will gallop up and lift me to his horse and carry me to Moated Castle!"

"A nice girl you are, for a knight to run off with, isn't he?" A hand some lady voice you'd make, with your black face and flying hair like a wild Indian's, and mouth all stained up with berries! Ho, ho! Wouldn't you look grand flying away on a horse, with your old calico dress flying, and your shoes flapping off, cause they're so big? I'd just like to see you."

"My cloud had been destroyed forever. From that moment I knew that I was given, uncouth and unattractive, and my hero lover,

never came; I ceased to expect him."

"I grew older, I was pale, plain, awkwardly shy. I felt my personal defects to a painful degree, and I shunned what society was attainable to me."

"When I was eighteen years old I received an invitation from an aunt who lived in Boston to visit her. I had never seen her, and she knew me only by report. She wished me to come and spend the winter with her."

"My grandmother was willing that I should go, but we were very poor, and it required a great deal of economy and management to furnish me with a wardrobe fit to visit the city with. At last my outfit was complete, however, and I went to Boston."

"The family of my aunt Caroline consisted of herself, her daughter Julia and the orphan children of a deceased son. Julia was just my age, and very pretty. It is a very hard thing to say, but I honestly think that my aunt to whom my personal appearance had been described, wanted me to associate with Julia as a foil to her beauty, and to reside in the family that I might assist in taking care of the children. At my rate, when I came, the single servant was dismissed."

"The family lived elegantly, but I soon found that it was done by the strictest economy. My aunt worked hard and managed well, and no one out side of the house dreamed that their income was as painfully small as it was."

"Julia had a lover. Mr. Marshall was very handsome and might have been very like a gentleman, then. He was but recently acquainted with Julia when I went there, but he appeared very much in love with her. I used to help her dress upon the evenings on which he came, and after she had gone down, looking like an angel, I used to shed a few quiet tears of sorrow and loneliness, as I stood and listened to their happy chat and gay laughter ringing from the room below."

"I was sure that I never could be so pretty, and I thought nobody would ever love me."

"One day Mr. Marshall came to dine. Extra attention was given to the house and dinner. My aunt had been very wealthy for a short time when first married, and from her husband's failure she had saved a few things which gave the house an air of means and style—some articles of fine table silver and some hand-some oil paintings. She served the dinner herself, and managed to be richly dressed to appear at the table. She looked cool and stately, but I, who had lain erect until the last moment in the kitchen, making gravies and serving up vegetables, was so tired I could hardly speak. I never did talk much, though, so it was not noticed apparently. Mr. Marshall conversed of books, pictures and music, all of which Julia was acquainted with, and it was agreeable to listen to them. I was sorry when the meal was finished."

"Mr. Marshall turned to look at the pictures on the wall when he arose, and after a few moments, my aunt commenced clearing the table. The dishes were put through a side in the cupboard into the kitchen. I helped her do this. Julia stood looking out of the window."

"When the table was cleared of its dishes my aunt went out. I sat down and took up my sewing, thinking that my aunt would be back in a moment to finish clearing the table, and that I should be allowed, during the afternoon, the place of a guest. Mr. Marshall spoke to me and asked me to play blackgammon. It was the only game of pleasure that I knew, and I was delighted at the thought. I put down my sewing, and he brought the board and arranged it in the field, and folding me to his heart with tender and assuring words, leap upon his steed, and with me in his arms, fly to some unknown country where he would make me queen of his castle. I never realized, ugly, ignorant child that I was, that this was peculiarly absurd as applied to me, until one day something occurred which destroyed my beautiful illusion, and made me wretched."

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something in his manner that would not let me refuse. I went and he asked me to marry him. I waited three years for him, for he was not settled in business then—then we were married, and I have been happy every day of my life since."

"One day he told me why he had not married Julia's friend, said he."

"I was pleased with her," said he, "but when I saw her let you, a guest, leave your employment with a gentleman, to do her mother's work, while she sat doing nothing but some embroidery, I knew she was indolent and selfish, and she never looked pretty to me after that moment. If it had not been for that crumb cloth, Nannie, I should probably have married her and been as wretched as I am now satisfied."

"Fat Bullocks—Butcher's Yarns."

Billy H—was one of the most notorious bull-dozers of truth in the abstract, that ever lived. If the truth answered the purpose best, and a lie would do him a positive injury, it seemed he would tell a lie in preference to the truth, at any time and on any occasion. In this respect he was indeed an anomaly."

If a man told a big yarn in Billy's hearing, he was sure to be beaten. Billy had always something more wonderful to relate."

Billy's neighbor, Judge J—, had many about him spinning yarns, but invariably had come out second best, although he had an exuberant imagination and his reputation for veracity was none of the best."

"In one occasion the Judge was riding on the canal, when Billy hailed him, and inquired if he didn't want to buy a quarter of fine beef, as he had just killed an elegant steer."

"Was he fat, Billy?" inquired the Judge.

"O, yes," answered Billy, "fat as a whale. I rather guess you would think so, if you but knew how much tallow we got out of him. Why, Judge, we got three hundred and twenty pounds of fat, for fraction—what do you think of that?"

"Now, the judge thought this to be rather a tough yarn, but he felt more inclined to beat Billy at his own game, than to express any doubt about his veracity."

"That was a pretty considerably steer, Billy," replied the Judge, but not a patch to one I killed a few years ago. He weighed, net, over two thousand pounds, and he turned out four hundred and ten pounds of tallow, as near as I can recollect."

Billy was taken all aback for an instant, but collecting himself, he confessed that this was the largest animal of the ox kind he had ever heard of, except one that he once sold in the Philadelphia market."

"This," said Billy, "was the largest steer that every had been seen within the recollection of man. He was an Elephant in his proportions—something on the Mastodon order. When we got him into the city," continued Billy, "his gigantic dimensions struck every one with amazement. It was almost Christmas time, and he was bought by a butcher for Christmas beef. On Christmas eve, preparatory to being slaughtered, he was paraded through the streets, decorated with flowers and gay colored ribbons, and followed by an immense crowd."

"Well," replied Billy, triumphantly, "we got from that steer four hundred and seventy-five pounds of tallow, and darn every button on my old coat, if we didn't get two hundred pounds of beeswax, besides."

The shrill notes that the Judge emitted as he rode off, would have drowned the sound of a steam whistle. He let Billy have his own way after that."

To-Day and To-Morrow.

To-day we gather bright and beautiful flowers—to-morrow they are faded and dead.

To-day a wealth of love shades us—to-morrow, seat and I'll, then, crumble beneath our tread.

To-day the earth is covered with a carpet of green—to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass.

To-day the vigorous stalk only bends before the gale—to-morrow leafless and sapless, a child may break the brittle stem.

To-day the ripening fruit and waving grain—to-morrow the land is taking its rest after the toil.

To-day we hear sweet singers of meadows and forest, the buzz and hum of myriad insects—to-morrow—breathe softly—all nature is hushed and silent.

To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish and surrounding, attracts the passer-by—to-morrow a heap of ruins marks the site.

To-day there are cattle upon a thousand hills—to-morrow they fall in slaughter.

The fashion of the world passeth away. But let Christ dwell with us, and though we may pass away like the faded leaf and sapless stalk, we shall arise to newness of life."

"Where everlasting spring abides And never withering flowers."

A French writer remarks: "If a lady says to you, 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I,' take your hat."

VICISSITUDES OF A MILLION.

At the time of our story there was an auction store near the Bourse, Paris.

The Viscount Robert N. de P— was twenty five years of age, and with an income of 25,000 livers, with good looks, an illustrious name, and could have made a very brilliant marriage. He ought to have been the happiest man in the world. He had only one regret. He had nothing to do. He was unhappy at his happiness. He needed a little bit of misery in his cup of perpetual sweets, but Heaven refused to grant it to him. He resolved to fly to other lands, there to seek the fugitive, the sufferings, and the novelties he lacked.

So five years ago, he entered, by chance, an auction room, just as they were putting up a capital portable writing desk. He was just about to travel, it was just what he needed; he bought it for three hundred francs. It probably cost more than ten times that sum.

In the interior were compartments for everything, and a plate bore the name of Lord N—, one of the richest peers of England. He was enchanted with his purchase, and carried it home in triumph.

Some days after he set out for Spain. As he went from Madrid to Cadiz, he was stopped by thieves, who completely robbed him. The only thing he missed was his desk. He prayed them to return it. They refused, but their chief Don Jose Maria promised to send it after him to Cadiz on receipt of a ransom.

Robert promised 200 rials, and gave him the address of the hotel where he meant to stop when at Cadiz. He sent the money and got the desk.

In America in the wilds of Mexico, his desk was carried off by the Mexicans. He thought it was lost. Four months afterward he found it in a shop at Vera Cruz, and paid five hundred francs for it.

In 1862, having returned to France, he thought of going to Baden. He passed the summer there, and went to Paris, visiting Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle on the way.

Arriving at the frontier which separates France from Belgium, he fell into the hands of the Custom House officers. Some days before some skilful fellows had defrauded the customs to a considerable amount; consequently the officers were on their guard.

The search was long and the Viscount became furious.

"What do you here?" he asked angrily.

"Oh, sir, objects of great value can be concealed in a small space."

"Have I the air of a smuggler?" he asked.

"No; but there are Ambassadors who smuggle without scruple."

The search was continued, and the Viscount was astonished to see the officers find apartments in his desk, of the existence of which he was ignorant. At last, full of impatience, he wished to reclaim it.

"Now that you have seen all," said he, "let us not prolong this unpleasant investigation."

"What do you say?"

"I said that you have seen all, and know that I have nothing contraband."

"Your coolness, sir makes me pity you. Have you nothing to bring forth? If you do so, you will be free by paying the dues; if not, and I find anything, there will be both a confiscation and a fine."

"But you have seen all."

"Perhaps."

"It is well made. Any one but myself might have been deceived."

"But I swear to you that you have seen all."

"Why deceive me? I am going to prove the contrary."

"If you find any thing else, I will swear to know nothing of it."

"A poor excuse. I warn you that I do not believe you."

"Let us finish this bad joke as quick as possible."

"We will, and so much the worse for you."

"And with a nail the officer pressed against what was apparently a little ornament, which flew back, disclosing a drawer in which was a paper parcel."

"The officer took it out, looked at it, put it back."

"That is not contraband," said he with a bow, "and with so much money, I was wrong to accuse you."

But the Viscount was stupefied with astonishment.

"Bank notes! But I did not put them there!"

"You are very fortunate, sir, if you can forget a million so readily."

In fact, there was a million of pounds sterling.

The Viscount took the notes, counted them, replaced them and determined to find the owner.

Arrived at London, he sought out Lord N—, whose name was engraved inside. The nobleman affirmed that the money was not his. He had given